

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 14.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

"I saw lately, in a newspaper, the death of 'Miss Elizabeth B——.' The history of this singular individual was so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear communicating such portions of it to the ladies of my acquaintance, as come within my recollection. It has the advantage of being authentic, if not interesting—for the facts which I shall relate are notoriously true.

If you have ever stopped at the little old antebellum city of A——, on your pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, perhaps I can recall her to your recollection, by her small, light, porportionate form, her tasteful dress, her girl-like trip, her laughing blue eye, golden ringlets, smooth, delicately tinted cheek, coral lips, pearly teeth, rounded neck, small hands and feet, slim waist, beautiful bust, graceful motion, perfect mouth, and—in short, I have no doubt, you fell in love with her. I think I saw you one day, standing upon Newton's steps, watching her little form as it flitted in and out of the shops, on King-street, and heard you say she was more like a real sylph, than any thing you had ever seen.

Well, sir, if I had told you that this little fairy was seventy-five years old, you would not have believed but that I was joking; but nevertheless, I should have spoken nothing but the naked truth. Long before the revolutionary war—oh, she must have been older, for at that time she was the belle of Williamsburg, the toast of Norfolk, and the barbecue of all that part of Virginia. Colonel H., whom M^r. H. allows to be sixty-five years old, told me that when a boy, his uncle, old William H. of King and Queen, was near getting into a duel on her account, with major S. who died some years ago, of old age. In fact, there is no telling how old she was; her origin is not recorded. Like that of the pyramids, it rests heavily upon tradition. My good sir, she must have been more than seventy-five when you fell in love with her.

At the time of the capture of Cornwallis, she was in love with a young midshipman of the British navy, by the name of Gimbold, who made a narrow escape, by jumping into James river. After this, she remained single, in spite of various offers from several generations of men, down to the present time. Many are the hearts and souls, which, like Haji Baba's, have become roast-meat, for her sake. But the citadel of her affections remained firm. In vain was the raw recruit and the old veteran brought against it; the wall was closed up with the '*English dead*.' Her heart was in the bottom of James river, with Thomas Gimbold.

But the most melancholy part of her death is, that the mystery of perpetual *rejuvenescence* has died with her. The whole case clearly proves, that a woman can keep a secret; and it establishes beyond a doubt, that she can make scientific discoveries. Nay, more, it proves that a woman can act upon principle, for had she disclosed her secret of eternal youth, the world would have been turned upside down. In the history of woman, an epoch, dreadful to imagine, would have arisen. We should not, thenceforth, have been able to distinguish our grandmothers, whom we may not marry. We should have fallen in love with our great-aunts. The old ladies, having more art than the young, would have had a decided advantage over them. A queen of May, might have had her great-great-grandmothers, for maids of honor. We should have had no respect for the aged. A bachelor, who had no particular fancy for octogenarians, would have been obliged to pray to the gods for help to enable him to distinguish them, and strength to resist their charms. When he thought himself the happy bridegroom of

blooming nineteen, he would suddenly have found himself the unfortunate stepfather of five successive generations. But I will not dwell on the picture. It is sufficient, that Miss Betsey had the skill to discover, the constancy to preserve so dangerous a secret; and she had her reward. She flourished in eternal youth. But like all great public benefactors, her motives and character were misunderstood, her memory was bitterly execrated by the old maids of the Old Dominion. Even when alive, she did not escape persecution. I have, when a boy, seen very respectable ladies of my aunt Abigail's acquaintance, work themselves up into a perfect agony, in speaking of her. 'She paints,' said Miss Coldcream; 'she powders,' observed Miss Starch; 'she has a false face,' exclaimed Miss Looking-glass; 'she sleeps in kid gloves,' shouted Miss Whalebone; 'she bla'ets herself,' shrieked Miss Magnesia; 'but her lips,' said Miss Vermilion; 'and her neck,' said Miss Powderpuff. Here Miss Whalebone fell into hysterics, and Miss Coldcream began to foam at the mouth; Miss Starch fainted. At length Miss Looking-glass, after a little reflection, spoke up; 'I'm determined,' said she, 'to find it out, if key-holes will serve my purpose; she shall come to my house and take the blue room, and keep it a fortnight; and then,' said she, while a buzz of applause went round the room, 'then we shall be mistresses of the greatest invention that female ingenuity ever discovered. Then shall the whole army of bachelors yield, and the glorious company of unmarried men be subdued. Then shall our sex be respected, admired, adored!' Her enthusiasm was contagious. Miss Starch forgot her dignity, and clapped her hands. Miss Vermillion absolutely colored; Miss Powderpuff, for the first time in her life, showed her teeth, and Miss Whalebone, to my astonis'ment, capered about the room like a frolicsome child. But the secret was never discovered. Miss B. always dressed and undressed within the bed-curtains. At last, the opinion was advanced by Dr. Brown, that she changed her skin every spring, and that further inquiry was useless. Many thought this a *ruse* of the doctor's to keep his professional faith inviolate.—But as he happens to be still alive, I will say no more upon that subject. 'He knows all about it!' said Miss Looking-glass, 'the vile wretch attended her through her last sickness. But he is an old bachelor, what can you expect of him?'

Alas, poor Miss Betsey! she fought long and manfully against time, but the old tyrant has conquered her at last. Peace to her shades! If I ever go back to Virginia, I shall surely make a visit to the spot, to see what the stone-cutter has put upon her tombstone."

West. Monthly Mag.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

"Most of the following facts are known to the writer of this article. At the time of their occurrence, they made a deep impression upon his mind, and they will probably be interesting to others. To some, perhaps, they will afford instruction. Those who are accustomed to consider the mysterious ways of Providence, will read this simple narrative with a feeling of deep solemnity. Death is always solemn; it is always deeply affecting when the young are its victims, or when the hand of God suddenly terminates a career begun in virtue, and giving a bright promise of useful exertion. It is then that the heart spontaneously yields its testimony to that decree of the judgment which pronounces, that the reward of the virtuous is not in this world; that there is—there must be, 'a better country.'

In the fall of the year 1829, the reverend Stiles

Hawley, a young missionary of exemplary piety and ardent zeal, came from Connecticut to Illinois, in the employment of the American Sunday School Union. It is said that he left home, under circumstances of touching interest. He had but just reached the years of manhood, and had recently assumed the duties of the sacred office. His parents were aged; their other sons had left the parental roof to engage in the active business of life in distant places, and they had fondly hoped to retain this son near them, to solace their declining years by his society, perhaps to support them by his exertions. But his affections had become ardently enlisted in the noble enterprise of disseminating truth and knowledge, by the instrumentality of Sunday schools; and he longed to become a labourer in a field so boundless and so inviting. He had heard of wilds where the sound of the gospel was seldom heard—of wildernesses even in our own land, where the kindred minds of his own countrymen were ripening without instruction, and he longed to become to them the messenger of glad tidings. It was a noble ambition; it was a holy ardor in the cause of learning and religion. If ever ambition is a virtue—if ever the high aspirations of the soul can be truly said to be warmed and lighted up by an ethereal spark from heaven, it is when the energies of a pure mind are thus directed by a disinterested benevolence to promote the best interests of man. Actuated by this high sense of duty, this young gentleman left his father's house, with a slender constitution, and a slight acquaintance with the great world, in whose concerns he was now to mingle, to engage in the toilsome and complicated duties of the office which he had chosen.

Arriving in Illinois in the early part of the winter, or late in the autumn, he was at Springfield, in Sangamon county, in January, making arrangements to commence a tour of duty. Having determined to cross the country, from Springfield to the settlements on the Wabash, he set out on the morning of the 17th of January. If we did not believe firmly in the superintending guidance of Providence, we should be disposed to lament this decision. The distance to be travelled to reach his field of labour, was somewhere about one hundred miles, the country a wide uninhabited prairie, interspersed with narrow strips of timber, and intersected by streams, over which bridges had not yet been thrown, and which might, at this season, be swelled by floods. To any one acquainted with the country, with the difficulties of the way, and with the expedients usually adopted by travellers, there would have been no danger, and but little inconvenience. To a stranger, the journey was hazardous.

Mr. Hawley, after a short day's ride, spent the first night at the house of a Mr. Wilson, where he was hospitably entertained. The next day he proposed to go to the house of Mr. James D. Shaw, twenty-eight or thirty miles further. He was kindly dissuaded from making this attempt, on account of the inclemency of the weather, the probability of losing his way, and the difficulty of passing two branches of the Kaskaskia river, usually fordable, but now probably difficult to cross. He thought that his duty urged him forward, and proceeded. His way lay across a prairie twelve miles in width, then over a stream and through a narrow strip of timber, then over another wide prairie, to the second and larger stream, about one mile beyond which, is the house of Mr. Shaw. The day was excessively cold, and the plain, covered with snow, exhibited a vast and dreary expanse, as cheerless and savage to the eye, as the deserts of Siberia.

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From this time he was heard of no more; but as the settlements towards which he had gone, were detached from those he had left, and the intercourse between

them not frequent at this season, his friends entertained no alarm, until his silence, long protracted, awakened fears, which began to be confirmed by a report which reached them late in the month of March, that a horse resembling that which he rode, whose rider was supposed to have been drowned, had been found near the larger branch of the Kaskaskis, about the time of his disappearance.

The reverend Theron Baldwin, then residing at Vandalia; was at Jacksonville when this rumour reached that place, and determined to proceed immediately to the fatal spot to investigate its truth. He went to Springfield, where he was joined by Mr. Andrew Moore, and on the morning of the 29th of March, they set out on their melancholy duty. On Tuesday morning they reached the house of Mr. Wilson, where they ascertained the facts which we have stated. Here they were joined by two other persons, and the party thus augmented, proceeded to Mr. Shaw's. This house Mr. Hawley had expected to reach the day he left Mr. Wilson's; and by the route he pursued, he would have passed no other house during the day. On inquiry, they were entirely satisfied that no such man had ever been there, and not a doubt remained, that death had arrested the young missionary in the solitary waste. But what was the manner of that death? Had he become benumbed by cold, and fallen from his horse? Had he strayed from the path and been lost in that interminable wilderness? Had the murderer waylaid this man of peace, or had the wolf preyed upon his body? In vain do religion and philosophy suggest how unimportant is the mode in which the soul becomes disengaged from its clay tenement, and how valueless are the lifeless remains of our friends—especially when we feel assured that the spirit is happy. On this occasion, the intense anxiety felt by the friends of the lamented Hawley, pervaded the bosoms of the residents of that lonely region. They were plain unlettered men, but their hearts were true to the sympathies of nature, and with one accord they tendered their services to Mr. Baldwin, to assist in the search; and he has assured the writer, that during the several days he spent among them, he was treated with a kindness and hospitality, and saw displayed towards himself, and in relation to the fate of his friend, a degree of considerateness and tender feeling, which will never be effaced from his memory. Every house was open to him, and in no instance was any pecuniary compensation asked or accepted, either for his entertainment, or the laborious services performed by the people in aid of the object of his visit.

A number of persons collected and proceeded to the search. It was necessary to traverse an extent of country embraced in a circle, whose diameter might have been twenty miles, and within which, not more than half a dozen families resided. For this purpose, the company now assembled—about twenty in number—was divided into small parties, mounted on horseback, who traversed this region in every direction, being provided with horns, which were to be sounded in case of any discovery. In their search they frequently passed the remains of Indian encampments, in which a large hunting party of Kickapoos and Pottawatomies, had spent the winter; and although the inhabitants of the vicinity declared that these Indians would not molest a traveller, suspicions were entertained by some, which induced a party to visit an encampment still further off, which was supposed to be now occupied by parts of these tribes. They found the remains of many wigwams, but all evacuated. The intelligence, however, reached the Indians, that they were suspected, and they took the pains to send a deputation to assert and prove their innocence. Before their arrival, circumstances had fully acquitted them.

The search commenced on Wednesday, and on Saturday night no discoveries had been made, although

the intervening time was laboriously employed in riding. On Sunday, a congregation of these rude pioneers collected around Mr. Baldwin, and spent part of the day in worship. On Monday, the search was resumed at an early hour; but Mr. Shaw, having the day before, accidentally found the saddle of the lost missionary, not far from his house, but on the opposite side of the creek, the investigation was now narrowed within smaller limits. At last, on Monday afternoon, the sound of the horn was heard ringing through the forest. The scattered horsemen gathered to the spot from which it issued, as rapidly as their horses could carry them, and found that the body had been discovered lying in the river.

Solemnity clothed every countenance, and sorrow filled every heart, as the body was elevated to the surface of the water; but still there was a melancholy pleasure in having found the object which had been sought so many days, with severe toil and intense anxiety. As it had lain in the water eleven weeks, it was not, of course, to be expected that an acquaintance could recognize the features. But the individual was at once identified by his books and papers. The rest of this narrative must be told in the eloquent language of Mr. Baldwin, the invaluable friend of the deceased, through whose affectionate zeal, and high sense of christian duty, the successful result was accomplished. The following is an extract from his letter to the parents of Mr. Hawley.

'No one did or could hesitate for a moment, that he came to his end by drowning. The river at the time, was past fording, and frozen on each side of the channel, but open in the centre. The body was found about thirty rods down the stream from the main road. A canoe is kept for the convenience of travellers, but unless the state of the atmosphere is peculiarly favorable, it is impossible to make one's self heard at the house of Mr. Shaw. He doubtless reached the river near night, and whether he rode his horse into the stream and was thrown off, or dismounted and attempted to lead, or cross without his horse, cannot be determined with certainty; though I have but little doubt that the first of these suppositions is true. In that case, the horse evidently left his rider in the stream, and went out himself at the same spot where he entered; for himself and the saddle were both found on that side of the river. Almost every thing remained exactly as he would naturally have ridden in the prairie, on that excessively cold day.'

The hat was of course gone, but a handkerchief was carefully tied around his ears, his surtout was buttoned around him, a glove and buckskin mitten on each hand, socks over his boots, &c. &c. His portmanteau was lying by his side, lodged in a drift of wood—in this, among other things, we found some food done up in a paper. We took away the watch, a pocket-book, wallet, testament, &c., and it being near night, as we were afraid of exposure to the atmosphere, the body was lowered again till morning. A sufficient number of our company to accomplish the burial, agreed to stay till the next day—the rest were compelled to leave us, to attend to their own affairs. I then expressed to the company, the gratitude which I felt for the part they had acted, and assured them that I should tell it with delight to the distant friends of the deceased. "It is the cause of humanity; we have engaged in it with the greatest pleasure," was in substance, the universal reply, and we dispersed.

The evening was spent in drying books and papers. The morning rose, but it was dark and rainy.

At a very early hour, however, we repaired to the river, selected a spot for the grave, on the bank of the stream, elevated entirely above high-water mark. A part then commenced digging, and the others prepared a coffin, the best that the place and circumstances would afford. The body was taken from the water wrapped in a winding-sheet, and in other respects apparelled just as we found it—for its condition was

such, that we thought it not prudent to disturb any thing—committed to the dust. The rain still continued, but I made a few remarks on the striking dispensation of Providence, which had called us together—pointed to that heavenly rest, where I had no doubt our departed friend was then rejoicing—to the consolations of the righteous in a dying hour—spake of the importance of preparation for our own approaching dissolution, and closed the solemn scene with prayer. Spake, did I say? To whom? Not to a circle of weeping relatives, it is true; for neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, were there! Nor did I speak to those in whose breasts no chord of sympathy could be made to vibrate. The solemn circle that stood around that grave was composed of those, though strangers, who knew how to feel. We did not stand in an ancient grave-yard, where the signs of mortality were around us in thick array—then, for the first time, doubtless, the narrow house was opened there, to receive the remains of civilized man—but then we still committed the body to its native dust. We were within no enclosure which had been erected and beautified by art—nor were we surrounded by weeping branches, bowing in the breeze. The tall forest trees stood above us—a sluggish turbid river flowed at our feet, and all around was wildness. But then, why cannot those remains sleep as sweetly alone in those desert shades, as in the midst of some vast congregation of the dead? And when the trump of God shall sound, who can doubt whether that 'corruption' will 'put on incorruption,' and that 'mortal, immortality'? The silence of that spot, perhaps, had never been broken by the voice of prayer—but then, that God who 'is rich in mercy unto all them that call upon him,' was there. He was there when the spirit of him whom we mourn took its flight—and his grace could cheer the departing soul, as well as if it had ascended to its rest, from some crowded city, or the splendour of a palace. What are the circumstances under which our friends leave the world, compared with higher considerations—whether they die on the field of benevolent enterprise, in the very act of wielding the weapons of the christian warfare, and depart to a glorious inheritance in the skies? Let the christian die with his armour on. Then, what if he is called to meet the king of terrors, in a land of strangers, in the solitudes of a wilderness? Will this subtract a single item from the happiness of the regenerated spirit, as it bows before the throne of God, or drinks at the river of life?

I should do violence to my own feelings, were I to close this communication without bearing testimony to the generous feelings and hospitality of the people in that region. Wherever we went, their doors were thrown open to us, and their tables, with the greatest apparent pleasure, spread with the best that the country would afford. They were called upon to assist in the search, and with scarcely a single exception, that assistance was cheerfully and promptly rendered.—To Mr. Moore—as well as to many others—for the readiness with which he undertook the arduous service; for his untiring perseverance and deep sympathy, the warmest gratitude is due from the friends of the deceased. He was with me through the whole, and frequently expressed his willingness to continue his labours for a month, if we were unsuccessful.'—ib.

FROG-EATING.—We copy what follows from the Baltimore Gazette:—

We perceive from an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, that the good people of that city—the modern Athenians—have taken to eating frogs! It can hardly be necessity which has driven them to this whimsical expedient for satisfying hunger. It is the progress of refinement. But whatever it be, it must be comfortable to them to think that the late seasonable spell of weather has put the marshes around Phil-

Jadelphia in fine order for frog hunting. The little oddities are no doubt hopping about in large quantities. This sort of diet may improve the dancing of the Philadelphia belles and beaux, but it must spoil their voices for singing.

If they are made into pies, we may parody the nursery song and say

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty bull-frogs baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened the frogs began to croak,
Wasn't that a pretty mess for Philadelphia folk!"

Or perhaps the following original verses would answer better for the purpose of being set to music, by some of those composers who are able to imitate all kinds of noises, from the rattling of thunder to the blood an ovens and croak of a bull-frog.

Philadelphia fam'd for feasts, from forms fastidious free,
Fancy frisky frogs, fine fare for feeding festively—
If the frogs bak'd in a pie, when it was op'd, should croak,
Food and fright and fun 'twould furnish Philadelphia folk."

THE CAPTIVES' ADVENTURES.

"Peter Simple," in a narrative of much length, that has been given to the public through a London periodical, relates the adventures of himself and a fellow prisoner who had been captured in an affair with the French, and afterwards escaped from custody. At the point where our quotation begins, the two friends had just reached Moline in disguise.

"We walked out of the town early in the morning after O'Brien had made purchases of some of the clothes usually worn by the peasantry. When within a few miles of St. Nicholas, we threw away our stilts and the clothes we had on, and dressed ourselves in those O'Brien had purchased. O'Brien had not forgot to provide us with two large brown coloured blankets, which we strapped on to our shoulders, as the soldiers do their coats.

"But what are we to pass for now, O'Brien?"

"Peter, I will settle that point before night. My wits are working, but I like to trust to chance for a stray idea or so; we must walk fast, or we shall be smothered with the snow."

It was bitter cold weather, and the snow had fallen heavily during the whole day; but although nearly dusk, there was a bright moon ready for us. We walked very fast, and soon observed persons a-head of us. "Let us overtake them, we may obtain some information." As we came up with them, one of them (they were both lads of seventeen to eighteen) said to O'Brien, "I thought we were the last, but I was mistaken. How far is it now to St. Nicholas?"

"How should I know?" replied O'Brien. "I am a stranger in these parts as well as yourself."

"From what part of France do you come?" demanded the other, his teeth chattering with the cold, for he was badly clothed, and with little defence from the inclement weather.

"From Montpelier," replied O'Brien.

"And I from Toulouse. A sad change, comrade, from olives and vines to such a climaato as this. Curse the conscription. I intended to have taken a little wife next year."

O'Brien gave me a push, as if to say, "Here's something that will do," and then continued—

"And curse the conscription I say too, for I had just married, and now my wife is left to be annoyed by the attention of the fermier general. But it can't be helped. *C'est pour la France, et pour la gloire!*"

"We shall be too late to get a billet," replied the other, "and not a sou have I in my pockets. I doubt if I get up with the main body till they are at Flushing. By our route, they are at Axel to-day."

"If we arrive at St. Nicholas we shall do well," replied O'Brien; "but I have a little money left, and I'll not see a comrade want a supper or a bed who is going to serve his country. You can repay me when we meet at Flushing."

"That I will with thanks," replied the Frenchman; and so will Jaques, here, if you will trust him."

"With pleasure," replied O'Brien, who then entered into a long conversation, by which he drew out from the Frenchman that a party of conscripts had been ordered to Flushing, and that they had dropped behind the main body. O'Brien passed himself off as a conscript belonging to the party, and me as his brother, who had resolved to join the army as a drummer rather than part with him. In about an hour we arrived at St. Nicholas, and after some difficulty obtained entrance into a cabaret. "Vive la France!" said O'Brien, going up to the fire, and throwing the snow off his hat. In a short time we were seated to a good supper and very tolerable wine, the hostess sitting down by us, and listening to the true narratives of the real conscripts, and the false one of O'Brien. After supper, the conscript who first addressed us pulled out his printed paper, with the route laid down, and observed that we were two days behind the others. O'Brien read it over, and laid it on the table, at the same time calling for more wine, having already pushed it round very freely. We did not drink much ourselves, but plied them hard, and at last the conscript commenced the whole history of his intended marriage and his disappointment, tearing his hair, and crying now and then.

"Never mind," interrupted O'Brien, every two or three minutes, "buvons un autre coup pour la gloire," and thus he continued to make them both drink until they receded away to bed, forgetting their printed paper, which O'Brien had some time before slipped away from the table. We also retired to our room, when O'Brien observed to me, "Peter, this description is as much like me as I am to old nick; but that's of no consequence, as nobody goes willingly as a conscript, and therefore they will never have a doubt but that it is all right. We must be off early to-morrow, while these good people are in bed, and steal a long march upon them. I consider that we are now safe to Flushing."

An hour before day-break we started; the snow was thick on the ground, but the sky was clear, and without any difficulty or interruption we passed through the towns of Axel and Hals, arrived at Terneuse on the fourth day, and went over to Flushing in company with about a dozen more stragglers from the main body. As we landed, the guard asked us whether we were conscripts? O'Brien replied that he was, and held out his paper. They took his name, or rather that of the person it belonged to, down in a book, and told him that he must apply to the *état major* before three o'clock. We passed on delighted with our success, and then O'Brien pulled out the letter which had been given to him by the woman of the cabaret, who had offered to assist me to escape, when O'Brien passed off as a gendarme, and reading the address, demanded his way to the street. We soon found out the house, and entered.

"Conscripts!" said the woman of the house, looking at O'Brien; "I am billeted full already. It must be a mistake. Where is your order?"

"Read," said O'Brien, handing her the letter.

She read the letter, and putting it into her neck-kerchief, desired him to follow her. O'Brien beckoned me to come, and we went into a small room. "What can I do for you?" said the woman; "I will do all in my power; but, alas! you will march from here in two or three days."

"Never mind," replied O'Brien, "we will talk the matter over by-and-by, but at present only oblige us by letting us remain in this little room; we do not wish to be seen."

"Comment, donc—you a conscript, and not wish to be seen! Are you, then, intending to desert?"

"Answer me one question: you have read that letter, do you intend to act up to its purport, as your sister requests?"

"As I hope for mercy I will, if I suffer every thing. She is a dear sister, and would not write so earnestly if she had not strong reasons. My house and every thing you command, are yours—can I say more?"

"But," continued O'Brien, "suppose I did intend to desert, would you then assist me?"

"At my peril," replied the woman; "have you not assisted my family when in difficulty?"

"Well, then, I will not at present detain you from your business; I have heard you called several times. Let us have dinner when convenient, and we will remain here."

"If I have any knowledge of phiz—what *d'y e call st?*" observed O'Brien, after she left us, "there is honesty in that woman, and I must trust her, but not yet; we must wait till the conscripts have gone." I agreed with O'Brien, and we remained talking until an hour afterwards, when the woman brought us our dinner.

"What is your name?" enquired O'Brien.

"Louise Eustache: you might have read it on the letter."

"Are you married?"

"O yes, these six years. My husband is seldom at home: he is a Flushing pilot. A hard life—harder even than that of a soldier. Who is this lad?"

"He is my brother, who, if I go as a soldier, intends to volunteer as a drummer."

"Pauvre enfant, c'est dommage."

The cabaret was full of conscripts and other people, so that the hostess had enough to do. At night we were shown by her into a small bed-room, adjoining the one we occupied. "You are quite alone here; the conscripts are to muster to-morrow, I find, in the *Place d'Armes*, at two o'clock: do you intend to go?"

"No," replied O'Brien; "they will think that I am behind. It is of no consequence."

"Well," replied the woman, "do as you please, you may trust me; but I am so busy, without any one to assist me, that until they leave the town, I can hardly find time to speak to you."

"That will be soon enough, my good hostess," replied O'Brien; "au revoir."

The next evening, the woman came in, in some alarm, stating that a conscript had arrived whose name had been given in before, and that the person who had given it in, had not mustered at the place. That the conscript had declared that his pass had been stolen from him by a person with whom he had stopped at St. Nicholas; and that there were orders for a strict search to be made through the town, as it was known that some English officers had escaped, and it was supposed that one of them had obtained the pass. "Surely you're not English?" inquired the woman, looking earnestly at O'Brien.

"Indeed, but I am, my dear," replied O'Brien; "and so is this lad with me; and the favour which your sister requires is, that you help us over the water, for which service there are one hundred louis ready to be paid upon delivery of us."

"Oh, mon Dieu, mais c'est impossible!"

"Impossible!" replied O'Brien; "was that the answer I gave your sister in her trouble?"

"Au moins c'est fort difficile."

"That's quite another concern; but with your husband a pilot, I should think a great part of the difficulty removed."

"My husband! I've no power over him," replied the woman, putting the apron up to her eyes.

"But one hundred louis may have," replied O'Brien.

"There is truth in that," observed the woman, after a pause; "but what am I to do, if they come to search the house?"

"Send us out of it, until you can find an opportunity to send us to England. I leave it all to you—your sister expects it from you."

"And she shall not be disappointed. If God helps us," replied the woman, after a short pause; "but I

fear you must leave this house and the town also tonight.'

'How are we to leave the town?'

'I will arrange that; be ready at four o'clock, for the gates are shut at dusk. I must go now, for there is no time to be lost.'

'We are in a nice mess now, O'Brien,' observed I, after the woman had quitted the room.

'Devil-a-bit, Peter, I feel no anxiety whatever, except at leaving such good quarters.'

We packed up all our effects, not forgetting our two blankets, and waited the return of the hostess. In about an hour she entered the room. 'I have spoken to my husband's sister, who lives about two miles on the road to Meckleburg. She is in town now, for it is market day, and you will be safe where she hides you. I told her it was by my husband's request, or she would not have consented. Here, boy, put on these clothes; I will assist you.' Once more I was dressed as a girl, and when my clothes were on, O'Brien burst out into laughter at my blue stockings and short petticoats. 'It n'est pas mal,' observed the hostess, as she fixed a small cap on my head, and then tied a kerchief under my chin, which partly hid my face. O'Brien put on a great coat, which the woman handed to him, with a wide brimmed hat. 'Now follow me!' She led us into the street, which was thronged till we arrived at the market-place, when she met another woman who joined her. At the end of the market-place stood a small horse and cart, into which the strange woman and I mounted, while O'Brien, by the directions of the landlady, led the horse through the crowd until we arrived at the barriers, when she wished us good day in a loud voice before the guard. The guard took no notice of us, and we passed safely through, and found ourselves upon a neatly paved road, straight as an arrow, and lined on each side with high trees and a ditch. In about an hour we stopped near to the farm-house of the woman who was in charge of us. 'Do you observe that wood?' said she to O'Brien, pointing to one about half mile from the road. 'I dare not take you into the house, my husband is so violent against the English, who captured his schuyt and made him a poor man, that he would inform against you immediately; but go there, make yourselves as comfortable as you can, to-morrow I will send you what you want.—Adieu! Je vous plains, pauvre enfant,' said she, looking at me, as she drove off in the cart towards her own house.

'Peter,' said O'Brien, 'I think that her kicking us out of her house is a proof of her sincerity, and therefore I say no more about it; we have the brandy flask to keep up our spirits. Now for the wood—though, by the powers, I shall have no relish for any of your pic-nic parties, as they call them, for the next twelve years.'

'But, O'Brien, how can I get over this ditch in petticoats? I could hardly leap it in my own clothes.'

'You must tie your petticoats round your waist, and take a good run; get over as far as you can, and I will drag you through the rest.'

'But you forget that we are to sleep in the wood, and that it is no laughing matter to get wet through, freezing so hard as it does now.'

'Very true, Peter; but as the snow lies so deep upon the ditch, perhaps the ice may bear. I'll try; if it bears me, it will not descend to bend at your shrimp of a carcass.'

O'Brien tried the ice which was firm, and we both walked over, and making all the haste we could, arrived at the wood as the woman called it, but which was not more than a clump of trees of about half an acre. We cleared away the snow for about six feet round a very hollow part, and then O'Brien cut stakes, and fixed them in the earth, to which we stretched one blanket. The snow being about two feet deep, there was plenty of room to creep underneath. We then

collected all the leaves we could, beating the snow off them, and laid them at the bottom of the hole: over the leaves we spread the other blanket, and taking our bundles in, we then stopped up with snow every side of the upper blanket, except the hole to creep in at. It was quite astonishing what a warm place this became in a short time after we had remained in it. It was almost too warm, although the weather outside was piercingly cold. After a good meal and a dose of brandy, we both fell fast asleep, but not until I had taken off my woman's attire and resumed my own clothes. We never slept better or more warmly than we did in this hole, which we had made on the ground covered with ice and snow.'

A FRONTIER SCENE.

About seven miles north of Hopkinsville, Ky., is a very remarkable spot; a solitary post-oak stands in the barrens, in the forks of the roads, and has obtained universally the name of the "Lonesome Post-Oak." In the early settlement of the country—about thirty-five years ago—this was the only tree to be seen for many miles round, (whence its name). It was then tall, green and flourishing; it is now, however, a leafless, branchless, thunder-riven, shattered trunk; sending up its shafts as straight as the mainmast of a ship of war. Superstition has heretofore, and still guards the spot; the tree is looked upon with something like the same veneration with which the Egyptian regards his pyramids, those grim sentinels of eternity. The place is remarkable for a very severe battle, fought by Big Harpe and Davis. The Big Harpe, and Little Harpe, his brother, were the terror of the surrounding country, in those early times. Two more execrable monsters never disgraced humanity. They lived with two women, as bad as themselves, in a cave about twenty miles from this tree. Blood and massacre were their delight. It was their custom to sally forth, and without any reason, to murder without distinction all the men, women and children they could find. As the country filled up, the people could no longer submit to their horrid depredations. Men and dogs collected, and took the pursuit. They came on the two Harpes in a narrow valley, at about two miles from this tree. They immediately mounted their horses, and dashed off in the direction of the cave. In going about five miles, Davis, whose horse was very fleet, had left his companions, and caught up with big Harpe, having previously separated with his brother, the little Harpe.

Here were two powerful men, armed with rifles, butcher-knives, tomahawks, by themselves far from help, and bent on death. Davis well knew that if overpowered, he would certainly be killed; and Harpe had determined to die, rather than be taken alive. They passed and repassed each other, frequently making blows without effect, each dreading to fire for fear of missing, and thereby placing himself at the mercy of his adversary. Finally, the horse of big Harpe fell with and threw his rider, then rose and galloped off. Harpe sprang to his feet, and fired at Davis' horse, which reared and fell. They were now not more than ten yards apart. Harpe, whose sagacity was equal to his courage and villainy, kept dodging and springing from side to side, approaching Davis, however, by imperceptible degrees. Davis, discovering he would soon lose the benefit of his gun, now fired in his turn but without effect. Each man now drew his knife, and they closed in mortal struggle. Very soon they fell side by side; but at this

juncture a large wolf-dog of Davis' came to his master's assistance, and seized Harpe by the throat. This produced a diversion in favor of Davis, who immediately recovered himself, and stabbed Harpe to the heart. The hideous yell which the wretch went up, is said still to be heard on dark nights, ringing wildly along the heath. Some of Davis' friends soon joined him: they dug a hole and buried Harpe at the foot of the Lonesome Post-Oak.

Little Harpe escaped, went down the Mississippi, and joined the celebrated Mason and his gang, at Stack Island. Soon after Harpe joined him, Mason attacked a flat boat from Cincinnati, and killed all the hands. For this a large reward was offered for Mason; to obtain which, little Harpe decoyed him to Natchez, and there informed against him and betrayed his friend. On Mason's trial, Harpe himself was recognised, was tried, and found guilty; and on the same day that Mason was hung, he also expiated his crimes on the gallows. This Mason was a very remarkable and extraordinary man. He was distinguished by a strong double row of under and upper teeth, that clenched together with the energy and tenacity of a steel trap.—*Cincinnati Mirror.*

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO MRS. WASHINGTON.

Long has thou slept unnoticed. Nature mole
In her soft ministry, around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemm'd,
And pearl'd with dewa. She bade bright summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet,—and stormy Winter speak
Horsely of Man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage,—Mother of our Chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,
Simple in garb—majestic and serene—
Unaw'd by 'pomp and circumstance'—in truth
Inflexible,—and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing Vice, and making Folly grave.
'Thou didst not deem it Woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the Summer wave,
Then'fleet like the Ephemerons away,—
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipp'd.

Of the might that cloth'd
The "Pater Patrim,"—of the deeds that won
A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
Making Mount Vernon's tomb, a Mecca haunt
For patriot and for sage, while time shall last,
What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due,
Who 'mid his elements of being wrought
With no uncertain aim—nursing the germs
Of godlike virtue in his infant mind,
We know not,—Heaven can tell,

Rise noble pile!
And shew a race unborn, who rears below,—
And say to Mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs,—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind—
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
Nor in their toil decline,—that angel bands
May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
And gather to His garner.

Ye who stand,
With thrilling breast, and kindling cheek this morn,
Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays;
To the blest Mother of her glorious Chief;
Ye, whose last thought upon your mighty couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son—
What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
A second Washington—or leave your name
Wrought out in marble, with your country's tears
Of deathless gratitude,—yet may ye raise
A monument above the Stars,—a soul
Led by your teachings and your prayers to God.

L. H. S.